

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"WHATEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by the Acting Editor.

The execution of the two men, Eggleton and Raynor, at Oxford, has, perhaps more than any execution which has taken place of late years, stirred the minds of the public, first, against the Game Laws, under whose operation these two men indubitably suffered, and next to a doubt as to whether in any case, even of deliberate murder, capital punishment is a just or a wise thing.

With the Game Laws we are not here particularly concerned: save in so far as it concerns all true spiritually-minded people to use their utmost efforts to sweep from the statute books laws which are in flat violation of every genuinely spiritual principle; laws made to protect the rich against the poor in the private possession of property which the rich themselves have neither made nor earned, and in which, therefore, no just rights of ownership can be shown. No Spiritualist can have any sympathy with the sportsman who kills for the fun of the thing, and who, instead of reverencing the Creator by seeing Him in all His works—and especially one would have thought in His beautiful and harmless works—makes the destruction of them his brutal amusement, and lays creative power under contribution to satisfy his lust for blood.

But with regard to the death penalty the Spiritualist has more to say. Is it not true that when the judge passes sentence of death he is doing he knows not what? The assumption is that here is a dangerous person; if we let him live he may do harm: away with him, therefore, and let us be rid of him. But are we quite sure that when we have killed him we are really rid of him? Spiritualists believe they have evidence to the contrary. And how if what we have done is to send him from a state in which we can to some extent check and control his power for evil to one in which we have absolutely no such check and control!

The theory that evil men are the victims of obsessing spirits is not a new one, and, to my thinking, there is much to be said for it. It is always, of course, a question of evolution, but it seems that while in other spheres there are possibilities of good beyond what is open to us here, so are there also possibilities of greater evil. This plane seems to be a sort of temperate zone between extremes of a warmth of love and light, too great for us here to endure, and of hate and darkness (that is, of minus love and minus light), which also would be intolerable to us. Occasionally we encounter such ghouls and vampires of character that we are half inclined to despair of human nature. It is

somewhat of a comfort, then, to reflect that these beings are not ordinary human beings. They suffer from some sad physical defect (like the man recently executed in Switzerland, of whom, upon dissecting him, the doctors declared that his brain was absolutely abnormal, and he must have suffered from hydrocephalus from childhood, whereby the moral faculties would be greatly weakened) or from some psychical deficiency, whereby they become liable to be dominated by evil forces, and urged on to crimes of quite inhuman character.

Far be it from me to suggest that we know all about this occult side of nature. My sense of dislike to capital punishment arises from the fact, not of what we do know, but of what we do not. It seems to me that in all such cases we are acting absolutely in the dark, and that the whole thing is far too momentous to justify us in thus acting blindly. We know not whether the spirit we dismiss from the realm of the seen may not become in the unseen a force far more grievously inimical to humanity than he could possibly have been had he been "treated" instead of killed.

But if, on the other hand, we were quite sure that the lowest depth of evil is to be found here, and that it is owing to the fact that the Divine Spirit here is shut up and imprisoned in these walls of clay that the spirit manifests such gross and inhuman characteristics, and that to free it from this prison house was, without doubt, to restore it to its true state of harmony and light—then, in that case and in that case alone, would capital punishment be justifiable. We should be glad to know whether any of our readers have received communications throwing any light on this obscure matter.

In the current number of the "Nineteenth Century" is a short article on the "Latest Electrical Discovery," which reads more like a chapter out of "Baron Munchausen" than from a serious work. It is an account of a lecture given at the Royal Institution by a Mr. Tesla. The first extraordinary thing is the power with which he worked. While hitherto in ordinary experimentation electricity of a slow alternating period has been used (80 or 100 times per second), Mr. Tesla devised a dynamo which gave 20,000 alternations per second, and multiplied this by suitable condensers until the alternations reached 1,000,000 or 1,500,000 per second.

Think of the audacity of experimenting with such a force as this. It could not at first be known that it was less harmful than much slower alternations and feebler currents, and, therefore, I presume that there was real courage shown in making the trial. Eventually it proved that "these vibrations are too rapid to excite corresponding vibrations in the nerves of the body . . . and that though an ordinary current at 2,000 volts will kill, yet this current at 50,000 volts cannot be felt at all."

Curious questions arise when we are told that this current does not respect the ordinary insulators. "Vul-

canite is one of the best insulators known, and will entirely stop any ordinary current or discharge, but the stream of sparks between two poles with this current pours through a thick sheet of vulcanite as easily, or even with greater ease than through air. It does not perforate it in any way, but passes through it as light passes through glass." Is insulation, then, unnecessary in the apparatus for developing this force, or is it only after the current is generated, and when applied in the circuit, that insulation is thus ineffective?

Other marvels we also read. "Electric lamps light easily when attached to one single wire, and require no return conductor; and, more wonderful still, if metal plates are fixed on the roof and walls of a room and connected to the terminals, the whole atmosphere of that room, whether it be ether, or whether it be particles of common matter, is thrown into a state of storm and agitation which can be at once made perceptible by bringing into the space tubes or globes from which the air has been partially exhausted. Such tubes, though without any metallic connection, yet glow and throb as if powerful currents of electricity were being sent through them from an ordinary induction coil."

All this is to the writer of the article as the promise and potency of an approaching golden age, when "most manual labour will become unnecessary, as unlimited power will be available at every man's hand. Engineering works will be able to be carried out on a far greater scale than has yet been even contemplated, and doubtless a corresponding era of material prosperity will set in." I do not wish to be a croaker, or say that anything is too wonderful to be true; but no thoughtful mind can resist the reflection that the great problem of life is never the getting of wealth and power sufficient to do what is necessary, but ever of always so to apply and distribute it that the benefit shall be evenly divided among all. Unlimited power at every man's hand, if it be but power to produce light, to lift weights, to dissipate mountains into dust, and does not include power to obtain food and clothing, without which man cannot live, may be a very splendid curiosity, but will rather lessen than increase the welfare and happiness of the masses. This mechanical power the masses possess, and their possession of it, and the need of it by the rest of the nation, is the only fact which assures to the masses bread to eat, and garments to wear, and houses to live in. Anything which tends to render capital independent of the mechanical power of labour would only be a blessing in a state where such grace was given to the people that they could enjoy nothing which was enjoyed alone, and where each man—not in word merely, but in spirit and deed—treated all men as his brethren.

Mr. Stead, in the current number of the "Review of Reviews," is much elated at the success which has attended the publication of the two series of Ghost Stories. Every one is pleased with them, he says: the Catholics are pleased with them; the Theosophists are pleased with them; and then adds: "Still more, strange to say, the Spiritualists, judging from their interesting weekly organ *LIGHT*, concur almost entirely with the warnings that I have thought it necessary to utter as to the danger of reckless and indiscriminate experimentalising." Now, I should like to ask Mr. Stead, why should this be *strange*? Unless, indeed, we are prejudged to be the shallow, addle-headed creatures that popular writers who know nothing about us are so fond of representing us to be, why should it be to any one *strange* that we should approve of cautions against "reckless and indiscriminate experimentalising"? I do not know any

Spiritualist of experience who would not most earnestly dissuade from such. To be truly *strange* then it must follow either that there is no danger at all in such experimenting (in which case, of course, no Spiritualist would concur in warnings against it), or that Spiritualists are people who would rather that a man ran any risk than that he should remain unconvinced of the genuineness of their phenomena. Remember, Mr. Stead is not speaking of cautious and rational experimentalising, but of "reckless and indiscriminate." This being so, we feel that it is a little hard on us that he should think it *strange* that we agree with him in his warning.

Apart from this we recognise that we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Stead for having brought the matter of the reality of the Unseen so prominently before the public. And I am glad to hear that he is preparing a third number, under the title of "Ghosts Up To Date," to be published at Midsummer. I would suggest to him that it would be very interesting to devote some space in his coming work to giving to the general public analects from the best spirit communications that he can procure. The general public won't read the books we print, and so is under the erroneous impression that nothing of any ethical, moral, or spiritual value comes from such communications. They would be surprised, indeed, if they were made acquainted with some results of automatic writing, or of impressional writing, that some of us have seen or obtained, and I trust Mr. Stead will think of this suggestion.

A "BEAUTIFUL" WAY OF DYING.

Most people regard death by a fall as one of the most agonising forms of dying. In a lecture at Zurich, Professor Heim has declared (says the Berlin correspondent of the "Standard") that this opinion is erroneous. The first fact to be considered, according to the professor, is that the subjective feelings in the various kinds of fall are the same. There are people who have escaped death by a hair's-breadth, who reached the stage of unconsciousness, and who are able to report what they felt. Professor Heim who has occupied himself with this interesting question for many years, bases his observations on personal experience, and on a large number of cases which have occurred, not only in the mountains, but also in war, in industrial establishments and in railway accidents. The victim suffers no pain, no paralysing terror. He is perfectly aware of what is going on. The time seems long to him. In a few seconds he is able to think so much that he can report for an entire hour on it. His thinking power is immensely increased. In almost all cases the past seems suddenly lighted up, as if by a flash of lightning. All phases of life pass before the mind's eye, nothing petty or unimportant disturbing the retrospect. Then gentle, soft tones sound in one's ears, and die away at last when unconsciousness sets in. One hears the fall of the body, but one does not feel it. It will be remembered that Mr. Whymper, who had a severe succession of falls once in the Alps, without losing his consciousness, declares emphatically that as he bounded from one rock to another he felt absolutely no pain. The same thing happens on the battle field; the entrance of the bullet into the body is not felt, and it is not till he feels the blood flowing or a limb paralysed that the soldier knows he is wounded. Persons who have had several limbs broken by a fall do not know which limbs are affected till they try to rise. At the moment of a fall the whole intellectual activity is increased to an extraordinary degree. There is not a trace of anxiety. One considers quickly what will happen, or may happen. This is by no means the consequence of "presence of mind," it is rather the product of absolute necessity. A solemn composure takes possession of the victim. Death by fall is a beautiful one. Great thoughts fill the victims' souls; they fall painlessly into a great blue sky.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

MAN gains wider dominion by his intellect than by his right arm; the mustard-seed of thought is a pregnant treasury of vast results; like the germ in Egyptian tombs, its vitality never perishes, and its fruit will spring up after it has been buried for long ages.—E. H. CHAPIN.

FORM.

PART II.

Imagination occupies the mean between the existence endowed with, and existence deprived of, reason, between spirit and matter; it serves them as a medium and thus unites the two extremes: that is why its nature cannot be easily seized with exactness by the philosopher.—SYNESIUS.

All images do make something that is subsisting and substantial, but above all the images which Elohim conceiveth within Himself.—Van Helmont's "Notes on Genesis" i., v. 26.

In "Lucifer" for October, 1891, there is an article on "Heat, Sound, and Consciousness," in which one sentence, "*a study of heat as will power*," might lead students of Boehme to recognise a mind on the right track in one of the most profound mines of hidden knowledge. By his own original line of thought, Mr. T. Williams comes to conclusions which very nearly coincide with some that the old seer had asserted centuries before. This, for instance, "Will is an energy whose unique direction is always towards self-perception, so that the reflection on the material plane is that of work directed into its own centre. But this is the distinctive characteristic of the effect of gravity, which is therefore common to every atom composing our own globe, because it is the result of the impress of the nature of will (as an impulse to self-perception) in all its agglomeration of partial activities.* Boehme with less brevity expresses the same truth thus: "Every will hath a seeking to do or to desire somewhat, and in that it beholdeth itself and seeth in itself, in the Eternity, what itself is: it maketh to itself the looking-glass of its like and there it beholdeth itself what itself is, and so finding nothing else but itself, it desireth itself."† "It brings itself into a Reception of itself, and compresses itself to something, and that something is nothing but a magnetical hunger, harshness like a hardness, whence even hardness, cold, and substance arise."‡ Of this self-exploring will Boehme says, "The Eternal unity hath breathed forth itself out of itself that a plurality and distinct variety might arise, which variety hath induced itself into a peculiar will and properties; the properties into desires, and the desires into beings."§ It is that "peculiar" will which makes creaturely existence. The "*magnetical impression is*" thus "*the beginning of nature*," for "by the desire substance is sought, and in the substance the desire kindleth the fire,"|| and thus beings derive from desires, and desires from properties,—and properties? "The original of all things lieth in the Idea, in an eternal imaging."¶ In Boehme's revelations this is an ever-recurring statement, though variously worded: "All spirits are created out of the eternal mind.** Whatsoever the eternal mind figures in the eternal wisdom of God and brings into an idea, that nature frames into a property."†† And we may well ask what did he mean here by nature? So far as I have been able to follow him, he attributes to what Fabre d'Olivet describes as "the fathomless contingent potentiality of being,"‡‡ a latent imagination stimulated to activity by the ideas thrown upon its depths; as outlines just seen may lead an artist to elaborate a perfect picture.

"Thus we understand the substance of all substances, that it is a magic substance, where a will can create itself into an essential life, and so pass into a birth, and in the great mystery awaken a source" . . . and thus also apprehend whence all things, evil and good, exist, viz., from the imagination in the great mystery, where a wonderful essential life generateth itself.§§

It may well be asked why, when deeply learned Theosophists, such as Messrs. Subba Row, Mohini Chatterji, Rama Prasad, and Madame Blavatsky, have given our Western world copious and precise teaching about cosmic formation and mighty primordial beings who effected it, with such masterly lucidity of style as to make it impossible to say that *they* wrote what cannot be understood, I should pre-

sume to approach those themes with obscure fragments of arcane knowledge, selected from Boehme's books and loaded with the uncouth verbiage of his day?

If knowledge was all I drew from them it would indeed be folly to do so. As to that, no one can feel more than I the greatness of our obligation to those modern instructors, for enlightenment and information not to be gained from any other source. But hard as it often is to understand Boehme, the teaching he gives to heart and conscience is never doubtful, and helps me far more than theirs, precious as it is to the intellect, because it always bears upon the spiritual fate of man, whether in the past, present or future; on the originating causes of his position *now*, and the tremendous alternatives which hang upon his choice *here*. How ever far he may seem to wander from these main lines, they underlie all he wrote. His many reiterations of the same occult truth, urged by intense desire to give to others what he knew to be of inestimable value, secure for patient readers impressions that can hardly fail to affect conduct: in these there is no obscurity, however clumsy the vehicle which conveys them—to the inner man. Theosophists adopt what was called of old the Wisdom Religion. No doubt it was a well-deserved title before "grace and truth came by Jesus Christ," but when compared with His later revelations one great defect stamps them with insufficiency. Humility is not inculcated, and without that neither wisdom nor peace is possible for human beings. Recommendations of this virtue may be implicit in the literature of Eastern Theosophists, though of these no trace appears in English versions of it; nor does it seem possible that a religion excluding any idea of a Personal God (i.e., one who responds to human conceptions of such a God) should admit humility to its list of duties. Of love to all, Buddhist teaching is eloquently full, but as Gichtel said, "Humility is the throne of love"; unless that throne is firmly established, love is quickly deposed by every spasm of self-will. That the Divine Man Himself is meek and lowly was a discovery no human wisdom could have made; it was first declared by Him Who came in the fulness of time to be the Saviour of all men, even of Theosophists, who believe that they need no redeemer, and scout the offer of pardon as childish and irrational.

Apart from intellectual gain, I think Theosophy must have become popular, when every bond is resisted; requiring neither submission nor obedience, it exactly suits the insubordinate temper of our day.

If it was honest to evade difficulties when professing to try to lessen them, I would not notice a sentence quoted just before this long digression, "The imagination in the great mystery," because it is only one sample of a most inexplicable part of Boehme's doctrine. Again and again he refers to imagination as that by which everything in the universe has been caused to exist. I help myself dimly to interpret this by what little is yet understood of hypnotic methods, of the injection of forms of thought by one mind strongly imaging what it wills should effect the imagination, into that of another. To this process he attributes the fall of Adam into material conditions: after saying that the earth was corrupted by its former ruler, and that Adam was sent to restore it, Boehme goes on:—"God forbade him the false lust, which the devil stirred up through the *limus* of the earth, in Adam's outward body with his false imagination.*

"The devil opposed man in his enkindled envy, and insinuated his venomous imaginations into the human property." . . . "Whence Adam's imagination and earnest hunger did arise that he would eat of the evil and good, and live in his own will."†

The expression "insinuated his venomous imaginations" might have puzzled any philosophical reader some years ago before the famous hypnotic experiments in France gave a degree of notoriety and credit to their results never attained by the similar discoveries of Dr. Darling and Mr. Braid‡ some forty years sooner, though, under the name of electrobiology, they had both fully proved the power of inducing states of sensation by the control of the operator's will. But

* "Mysterium Magnum." (Chap. xviii., par 18.)

† *Ibid.* (Chap. xvii., pars. 36 and 39.)

‡ The late Mr. James Braid, of Manchester, first applied suggestion to the treatment of disease, the patient being previously put into a state resembling deep reverie, artificially produced, and which he called hypnotism.

* "Lucifer," October, 1891. (P. 102.)

† First of "Forty Questions." (Par. 22.)

‡ "Clavis." (Par. 70.)

§ "Sixth Epistle." (Pars. 8 and 9.)

|| "Third Point." (Par. 45.)

¶ "Twelve Theosophic Questions." (Par. 4.)

** "Threefold Life." (Chap. iv., par. 31.)

†† "Clavis." (Par. 58.)

‡‡ Fabre D'Olivet's "Translation of Genesis" i., v. 2, in his "Cosmogonie de Moyse."

§§ "Earthly and Heavenly Mystery." (Text v., pars. 37 and 38.)

now even scientific men are obliged to own that this is done, and strain their intelligence to find out *how*. They would scorn to learn of Boehme; yet he told centuries ago precisely what Oriental Theosophy had announced ages before, that all which *seems to be* is the work of imagination, the effect of *Maya*, "the veil that is spread over all nations."* He assures us that "all things are arisen through the Divine imagination and do yet stand in such a birth.†" And he copiously declares the momentous fact that human spirits determine their fate by what they imagine (observe that this is but an enlargement of the thesis, "the figure hath caused the spirit"). It need scarcely be added that the direction of such a magical power by a right will, is the only safeguard against being infested by a stronger one, desiring, and therefore imagining, our sympathy on dangerous lines to which the weaker nature is seen to tend.

Nothing ever gave me such a lasting fear of leaving this life unpurified as Swedenborg's account of the cruelties practised by evil spirits on others, amenable to their diabolical arts from having been servants to sin while in the flesh. In his "Spiritual Diary" he records the process of torturing by hypnotism exactly as it has been done and observed on this side of death. Those among us who are wont to speak of hell and its despots as the dream of old-world superstition, would do well, I think, to reconsider their verdict by the light of modern science. What has perplexed me with regard to Adam and his dethroned enemy, is the doubt whether in that case the paralysis of true vision was effected by one great being subduing and then binding the mind of another, as one World-soul is supposed to influence another, or whether, as usual, the single name indicates a race, which yields in detail to the seductions of adverse hosts. This, however, is of no practical interest: we know well enough that for every human being unseen promoters of sin abound. But it is far less commonly known that our own imaginations affect all that concerns us so strongly, that giving, or having given, to us a different idea of what we are, will often cause radical change of character. Probably the belief that he or she is a reprobate, hopelessly subject to bad habits, as firmly rivets their chain, as the remark (or annoyed consciousness) that one seems to be in a bad temper makes it difficult to feel otherwise for the next hour or more. This makes *snubbing* almost criminal and to encourage people about themselves, as much as sincerity allows, a duty we owe to the public.

Christian scientists seem to have a juster sense of the immeasurable force of imagination than most of us entertain, only, as it appears to me, they antedate the time of its release from penal fetters. In the world of spirits, *will*, we are clearly taught, makes all the surroundings of the spirit, and as its state alters, so will every object in view: just as it now is in our minds; *their eyes*

"See all around in gloom or glow,
Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart."

But in the mind and in the spirit-world all is homogeneous. Not so in the world we now occupy, for our bodies are here in their own element, our spirits are but "strangers and sojourners." The spider can weave its delicate web wherever it will in the light atmosphere in which it was born; falling into a basin of gum it would be as impossible for it thus to energise, as it is for a Christian scientist who denies the reality of pain, because it is unspiritual, to ignore the torment of toothache or sciatica—when felt.

A. J. PENNY.

THE BANSHEE.

Walking 'neath darkling shade of arching trees,
Whose leaves were rustled by a gentle breeze,
A wailing cry—O dread familiar sound—
Came to mine ear, and I turned quickly round,
And there a woman cried and wrung her hands,
And moved about as elves do on the sands.
Lo! when I looked she fled away from me
Screeching! It was the ominous Banshee!
This woman came to me this night to warn—
Of death of kin I knew I'd hear ere morn!
And, verily, by post there came next day
A melancholy note, sad news to say—
"Your brother died at seven, on the seas,"
The very hour I stood beneath the trees.

—L. H. V.

* Isaiah xxv., v. 7.

† "Sixth Epistle." (Par. 78.)

SIMULTANEOUS WRITING.

Amongst my mass of manuscripts I have just come upon the following, which was sent to me some years since by the late Mr. Benjamin Coleman ["M.A.(Oxon.)"]:

About fourteen years ago I had a seance at my own home at Notting Hill; present, my wife, Lord B., myself and my sister Rose, who at that time was an excellent medium, and through whom I obtained by "raps" some of the most striking messages I have ever recorded.

Just as we were about to begin, a French lady, Madame Sinibaldi, was announced. I told her that we were about to hold a spiritual seance, and asked her if she knew anything of the subject.

"No; M. Coleman. I know nothing but what I have heard lately from my husband in Paris." (He was for a time French master at Eton.) "He tells me such extraordinary things which have happened that I think he must have gone mad. But he says Prince Napoleon" (who was his intimate friend) "vouches for the reality of his statements, and they occurred at the Prince's residence."

"Well," I said, "I have often thought that you yourself were a medium, and if you take your place at the table, we will try."

At that time I constantly tried whatever new thought came into my mind, and before we commenced a serious sitting, which had been arranged for the satisfaction of Lord B., I proposed, without a moment's previous thought, a test which I had never tried before.

I placed a sheet of paper with a lead pencil upon it before my sister Rose, who sat at one side of a large drawing-room table, and a similar pencil and paper before Madame Sinibaldi, who was seated on the opposite side of the table. Calling attention, I said: "Now, good spirits, will you oblige me by writing the *same* sentence through the hand of each of these mediums *at the same moment*?"

Rose took the pencil and dashed off "God is good," and threw the pencil into the middle of the room.

Madame cast her eyes to the ceiling, and laboured very hard to write out something, commencing from the right hand, and at length laid the pencil gently down and looked at the paper, as we all did, without at first making out what had been written, in a large schoolboy's hand, of which this is a tolerable imitation:—

Clag Sidog

which it will be seen is the same sentence.

You are at liberty to publish this with all names.

Upper Norwood.

B. COLEMAN.

December 19th, 1876.

TESTING A PROPHET.

The "Daily Telegraph" says:—One of the prophets who has arranged for the disappearance of the earth from the solar system on April 11th, 1901, was lecturing to a select audience in a metropolitan suburb on the complete arrangements which he and his collaborating prophets have made to ensure the success of the catastrophe, when a listener rose and asked whether the soothsayer was prepared to hand over all the property he possessed to a charitable institution, on the date just mentioned. The prophet answered that such a proceeding would be useless, because after the fatal 11th nobody would be living to benefit by any money. "Never mind that," replied the sceptic; "in case any poor people do survive, your property may be very useful to them, and I and another gentleman here will be glad to act as trustees. So make out the deed." But the prophet, like another person whose courage was not equal to his professions, "went away grieved, for he had great possessions." The deed was not made out, and the lecturer left the meeting.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION.—What one man or one party asserts is not exactly what the other, the opposing one, denies. Men are not divided so much by accepting different answers to the same questions, but by asking different questions.—JULIA WEDGEWOOD.

AN OPEN LETTER TO ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

BY BARON DU PREL.

DEAR SIR,—I have just finished the book, Alfred Russel Wallace's "Les Miracles et le Moderne Spiritualisme. Traduit de l'Anglais. Paris, Librairie des Sciences Psychologiques," in which you have the kindness of mentioning my "Philosophy of Mysticism," translated into English by Mr. C. C. Massey. In your work you call me the representative of the theory of the Unconscious, who makes use of this "unconscious" for the explanation of those facts which you explain through the theory of Spiritualism.

Now, I am sure that you will not take it amiss if I take the liberty of explaining to you in a few words that I am not only no adversary to Spiritualism, but that on the contrary I stand in Germany in the bad reputation of being its most zealous representative.

In 1880 I commenced studying Spiritualism, reading among others some essays contained in your above-mentioned work. After some months I gave up that study, having no opportunity of making experiments, but especially because I distinctly comprehended, that first of all I had to study somnambulism in order to be able to judge where the line of separation must be drawn between those phenomena that are to be explained from the nature of man, and those which are to be ascribed to the "spirits."

By my several years' study of somnambulism I was already convinced that Spiritualism is a truth. In a word, somnambulism led me to the discovery of the "spirit" in man himself, and when I afterwards took up the study of Spiritualism again, I found all those analogies existing between the faculties of the somnambulists and the spirits. Somnambulism belongs now to the "unconscious," so far as it presupposes the suppression of sensual consciousness, and only so far I maintain the theory of the "unconscious," but not in any way in opposition to Spiritualism, among whose adherents I openly count myself.

There are two kinds of representatives of the doctrine of the "unconscious." The one supposes a physiological "double-ego," that is to say, the sensual consciousness and the physiological sub-consciousness. Death, so say these representatives, comprises both these halves of our being (nature). But I myself am of quite another opinion. I also believe in two persons of our subject. The sensual consciousness comprises only the one-half of our being, to which the other remains unconscious, but in itself this other half is not unconscious, not sub-conscious, but rather super-conscious; it is not the inferior half of our being, but its cause. Death, therefore, stands *between* these two halves and annihilates only the terrestrial one. Nobody, therefore, can be more strongly convinced of immortality than I; for this conviction I need not even Spiritualism, however valuable its empirical confirmation of the consequences drawn from somnambulism is to me.

It is also my conviction that the truths of Spiritualism will be the more easily accepted, the more those of somnambulism will be recognised; for death cannot give us anything: it disembodies us, but does not present us with anything. Immortal we can only be on the condition that something lasts that exists already now, though latent for our sensual consciousness. The unconscious is merely something unknown; the soul lies beyond the sphere of our sensual consciousness.

That in this sense I am a metaphysical individualist I have shown in a great number of writings which appeared since the "Philosophy of Mysticism," and I believe you yourself would—in consequence of these writings—regard me as one of your most ardent allies.

You say in the last chapter of the above-named book that Spiritualism throws a remarkable light on the history of civilisation, and you mention, first of all, the demon of Socrates and the oracles. Well, I have written a "Mysticism of the Ancient Greeks" where I explain this demon, the oracles, and the temple-sleep through somnambulism; the mysteries, however, through Spiritualism.

You then speak of the Old and New Testaments, of which only he can have a full understanding who knows Spiritualism and somnambulism. Now, it is true I have written as yet no commentary to the Bible, but only a very short time ago I held in our "ociety for Scientific Psychology" a

lecture on the "Speaking in Foreign Languages," in which I have given an explanation of the most astonishing miracle, the Whitsuntide miracle, and that in such a manner that it even might be imitated experimentally. *and*

You then speak of witchcraft, and so ~~have~~ I, ~~done~~, quite agreeing with you, in an essay, "The Witches and the Mediums," in volume I. of my "Studies on Occultism." In volume II. of the same work I have described all the hypnotic, somnambulist, and spiritistic experiments made by myself.

In short, on the whole line I find myself in agreement with you, and can discover but one difference, namely, that I lay a greater stress on the "spirit" within us, the soul, which is unconscious to us, but which has in itself a super-consciousness and which I thought myself compelled to call the "transcendental subject" in order that my opinions might not be confounded with the vulgar psychology, where the conception of the soul is won from the analysis of consciousness.

If I have rightly understood, there exists only this difference, that we do not draw the line of separation for the phenomena in the same place, as you, for instance, consider "clairvoyance" always as inspiration, whereas I suppose an active faculty of the soul necessary for "clairvoyance," which I am not able to explain otherwise, for the mere reason that this analogy shows itself with the spirits too, who cannot have acquired this faculty but by the simple act of dying.

By reclaiming some of the phenomena for the "spirit" within us I diminish, it is true, the truly Spiritualistic material, but the conviction of the truth of Spiritualism can certainly be with none stronger than with him who acknowledges this "spirit" within himself. Is he, moreover, an adherent to the theory of evolution? It is for him, then, a matter of course that a relation of the spirit-home with us here below exists not only nowadays, but that both these halves of the world, each advancing to perfection, must unite more and more closely. I myself am an adherent to the doctrine of evolution; nay more, I have even extended your doctrine and that of Darwin on inorganic nature by showing in my book, "A History of Evolution of the Universe (third edition, Leipzig, 1882)," the cosmical teleology as being founded on indirect selection. Perhaps it is one of Darwin's last letters, in which he stated to me the receipt of this book. Perhaps I dare venture to suppose that you, too, are no opponent to such an extension of your doctrine.

Finally, you utter the conviction that the acceptance of the spiritual creed will be accompanied by most beneficial consequences. Of this I myself am convinced too, and that so strongly, that for the purpose of promulgating these ideas I lately published a novel, "The Cross on the Fern," in which I treat of somnambulism, hypnotism, and Spiritualism, and which, indeed, seems to be read very much, not only in Germany but also in other countries: a Russian translation is just going to the press and a French one is also intended.

In short, you believe yourself obliged to count me as one of your opponents, whereas for a long time already I have cherished the flattering thought of knowing myself in harmony with you in so many respects; it is, therefore, with a special pleasure that I embrace this occasion to assure you of my excellent reverence, with which I remain, dear sir, yours most truly,

Munich, March 10th, 1892.

CARL DU PREL.

THE DUALITY OF THOUGHT.—The history of thought is a continual exhibition of the incapacity of the human intellect to express in any single statement more than half of a truth. Every perplexity which has deeply stirred the human heart seems to have found two opposite answers. For us revelation itself implies change of attitude, and there is no conviction that will not become error if, in our attention to it, we stiffen into immobility, and lose the palpitating throw, the rhythmic movement, which is indeed the very pulse of mental life. If this be true of all thought, it is more eminently true of thought which deals with evil. In this realm of confusion, thought moves only by oscillation. No single view can be called true. There are few crimes in which the element of disaster can be forgotten without injustice. Human justice has no other meaning than a true apprehension of the moment to remember both the inevitable and the voluntary element in wrong. What Divine justice is we must wait to know.—JULIA WEDGEWOOD.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
2, DUKE STREET,
ADELPHI, W.C.

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Light:

EDITED BY W. STANTON-MOSES.

["M. A. (OXON.)"]

SATURDAY, MARCH 26th, 1892.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

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"THE SOUL OF LILITH." *

Were any more evidence needed that there are certain things which can only be spiritually discerned because they are of the spirit, this book would give that evidence. The spiritual is nowhere to be found in it, though in appearance it is the fundamental note of the book. It is material with the rank materiality of half-knowledge. That there is a wealth of gorgeous language goes without saying; the literary critics will doubtless handle that; we have to do with the book from quite another point of view.

As heroes have always to be much "more so" than any one else, whether in respect of deeds of valour on the field of battle, of devouring beauty, or of wondrous learning, so the hero of the occult novelist has to be more occult than the most occult of ordinary occult persons. Thus El-Râmi-Zarânos, whose education seems to have been singularly English, was "an Oriental of the very old stock, and not one of the modern Indian mixtures of vice and knavery—knew how to cast a 'glamour' better than any so-called 'Theosophist' in full practice of his trickery." "With such powers as he had he would have ruled this world and lost the next," says his brother, and well he might say it, for El-Râmi-Zarânos understood the methods used by Moses; and as he modestly said, "I know how the legends of phantoms and fairies arose in the world's history, because at one time, one particular period of the pre-historic ages, the peculiar, yet natural combination of the elements, and the atmosphere, formed 'fantasma,' which men saw and believed in. The last trace of these now existing is the familiar 'mirage' of cities with their domes and steeples, seen during certain states of the atmosphere in mid-ocean. Only give me the conditions, and I will summon up a ghostly city too. I can form numberless phantasmal figures now, and more than this, I can evoke for your ears from the very bosom of the air, music such as long ago sounded for the pleasure of men and women dead. For the air is a better phonograph than Edison's, and has the advantage of being eternal." The eternity of the air is good, even for Mr. El-Râmi-Zarânos, but how fortunate that neither he nor Miss Marie Corelli seems to have heard of the luminiferous ether.

* "The Soul of Lilith." By MARIE CORELLI. (London: Richard Bentley and Son, 1892.)

"Light," he continues, "preserves all scenes; air preserves all sounds. Therefore, it follows that if the scenes are there, and the sounds are there, they can be evoked again, and yet again, by him who has the skill to understand the fluctuations of the atmospheric waves, and the incessantly recurring vibrations of light." And similarly Thought remains, and thus it comes about that "Your modern Theosophist, calmly counting his gains from the blind incredulity and stupidity of the unthinking masses, in only copying in a very Lilliputian manner the grand sagacity and cunning of the ancient Egyptian 'Magi,' who, by scientific trickery, ruled the ignorant multitude, is the same Thought, only dressed in modern aspect." This gentleman is a very superior hero, though his science is a little shaky.

Like all the new occultist heroes, El-Râmi is carrying out an "experiment," and in reference to Mr. Zarânos' experiment it is to be noted that in Marion Crawford's "Witch of Prague," there is a much less scrupulous "scientist" who carries out a very similar experiment. In both stories there is the same continuous hypnotic state, in both the same curious and secret chamber, in both the same desire to get at a secret, in both a calamitous ending, in both the experimenter is a man of mystery with an outlandish name, but Mr. Zarânos being a demi-god and not a demi-devil, has a beautiful hypnotised girl for six years in his secret chamber, while, at Prague it is only a peasant who is kept there. Both subjects have been saved from death, if they have not actually died, and both answer questions with superior wisdom. Both are kept alive by curious chemical means. It is true that the uses made of the hypnotised persons are different, for while the Prague doctor wishes to find out the secret of continued earthly existence El-Râmi uses Lilith as a medium for communication with the Unseen. He wishes, indeed, through her to find out God, if God there be. This, indeed, he does eventually, but not in the way he expects. And here it would be unfair not to speak well of the graphic power which Miss Corelli has displayed in the description of the catastrophe which frees the soul of Lilith, and proclaims the utter purity of perfect Love. It is the bespattering of a story, admirable in its inception, with sham science, and wordy invective against people and things which she a little understands as she does the science she so constantly refers to, that makes a book of indubitable power also a book productive of considerable irritation.

This passage is true enough:—

And so it happens that when the wielders of the pen essay to tell us of wars, of shipwrecks, of hair-breadth escapes from dangers, of love and politics and society, we read their paper with merely transitory pleasure and piquant indifference; but when they touch upon subjects beyond earthly experience, when they attempt—however feebly—to lift our inspirations to the possibilities of the Unseen, then we give them our eager attention and almost passionate interest. Critics look upon this tendency as morbid, unwholesome, and pernicious, but nevertheless the tendency is there—the demand for "Light! more Light!" is in the very blood and brain of the people. It would seem as though this world has grown too narrow for the aspirations of its inhabitants, and some of us instinctively feel that we are on the brink of strange discoveries respecting the power unearthly, whether for good or evil we dare not presume to guess.

Very well, but why does the paragraph go on?—

The nonsensical tenets of "Theosophy" would not gain ground with a single individual man or woman were not this feeling very strong among many; the tricky "mediums" and "Spiritualists" would not have a chance of earning a subsistence out of the gullibility of their dupes . . . if it were not the fact that there is a very general impression all over the world that the time is ripe for a clearer revelation of God and the things of God than we have ever had before.

It is, perhaps, hardly to be expected that a writer who puts the planet Mars somewhere near the zenith should be accurate when she talks about Spiritualism, but the combination of "mediums" and "Spiritualists" displays amazing ignorance on the part of one who would have the

world believe her to be a prophetess of the occult. Miss Corelli's El-Rami was neither a "Spiritualist" nor a "medium," he only utilised some kind of "electric fluid,"—that "electric fluid" is always a bad sign—and so, "unlike pretenders to 'Spiritualistic' powers, he had no inclination for the society of the rich and the great. . . . He read no books save the old Arabic vellum-bound volume which held the explanatory key to so much (*sic*) curious phenomena palmed off as 'spiritual miracles' by the Theosophists!" "Spiritual miracles" palmed off by "the Theosophists!" Oh, shade of Madame Blavatsky!

There are some other wonderful personages in this book; one, a Dr. Kremlin, has a huge revolving disc made of "magnetic spar," which disc revolves in some curious way in rhythm with the earth, either in its rotation or revolution. This magnetic spar disc it is which has to be turned towards the zenith in order to catch the "Third Ray" from Mars, where it appears they are signalling to us. There is also a mysterious order of monks who live in Cyprus, who, if they are anything, are uncommonly like Mahatmas. There are a good many flowers in the story, much prismatic colouring, many coruscations; there are outlines and shapes; there is also an Iron Will, and a good deal of the planet Mars, which once got vertically over Cleopatra's needle, and of course our old friend the Ego, but there is nothing which adds to real knowledge.

To talk about vibratory motion, to expound bad astronomy, to show a distant acquaintance with atoms, is in no way to shed light on that mystery of the Unseen which a good many people besides Miss Corelli desire to penetrate and *are* penetrating on surer lines than she. Yet one cannot help thanking the writer for her outspoken defence of womankind, for her defence of that pure Love which knows the real and not its shadow, for her utter scorn of the hollowness of society, and her pitiless contempt for all sorts of sham and falsehood, and it is because one feels all this with her, that one regrets the more that she has fallen in with this same society hollowness in condemning what she does not understand, and deceiving herself as to the possession of a knowledge which is not hers. π .

MISS FLORENCE MARRYAT AT UPPER NORWOOD.

Miss Florence Marryat delivered at Upper Norwood on the 8th inst. a lecture on her latest work, "There is no Death." It is needless to say that the lady was interesting, and her experience in Spiritualism is so great that she would be listened to with respect and attention whenever she was pleased to speak. For an hour and a-half she interested her audience, and proved that she can talk as well as she writes. The Rev. Dr. Maurice Davies occupied the chair.

MARRIAGE OF THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.—The "Observer" says: If there are any followers of the prophet Harris in this country—and his works are now being issued by an English publisher—they will be interested to hear that he was married in the early part of this month to a lady whose name is given as Jane Lee Waring. The ceremony took place at the settlement of Santa Rosa, in California, which readers of Laurence Oliphant's recent biography will remember as the place in which his mother and wife both lived.

OUR FATHER'S CHURCH.—The next meeting of friends and inquirers will be held at a quarter to seven on Sunday evening, April 10th, at the Free Christian Church, Clarence-road, Kentish Town-road (kindly lent for the occasion). John Page Hopps will speak on "God in the Streets of London." A special welcome is offered to those who feel the need of something more rational, spiritual, and modern than the conventional Christianity of the sects. The church is close to Kentish Town-road, and to Camden Town and Kentish Town stations. Trams and omnibuses from many parts of London pass quite near. All seats free. Books containing the hymns to be sung will be provided. Voluntary offerings at the doors, to cover expenses and to help on the work of Our Father's Church.—ADVT.

RECORDS OF PRIVATE SEANCES FROM NOTES TAKEN AT THE TIME OF EACH SITTING.

No. IX.

FROM THE RECORDS OF MRS. S.

Wednesday, 15th. We commenced this evening sitting in subdued light, quite sufficient to see the table and our hands. After sitting a few minutes the table was moved and floated several times; we could watch in light its every movement. After seeing it tilted from side to side, and lifted two feet from the ground, the word "dark" was rapped out through raps on the table. Soon after we had extinguished the light Imperator's thuds were heard, and



MRS. SPEER.

the control established. He then bid us "good evening," and said we might have light. Dr. S. asked what were the conditions necessary for the manifestations to be given? Imperator said, "Perfect quiet and no breaking of the circle. You should make your arrangements before you commence, as breaking the circle always retards manifestations (unless you break by our desire). We are sent to communicate to the world, and power is given to us, within certain limits. The men you honour and call great have from all time been used by the Almighty as channels, and are inspired by spirits to become great and honourable. When this influence is removed from them they sometimes lose much of their greatness, as they are nothing in themselves—vessels of God through which His influence is pointed by spiritual agency; hence it is that Milton, under spiritual guidance, was great; without that he would have been worthless; and if you could converse with him now you might perhaps find him quite different to what he was in earth life, and his communications on a lower plane. This may account for your difficulties with regard to the trifling nature of the communications given by many spirits who come with great names. They are often also personating spirits, and not those they pretend to be. This has troubled your minds, troubles the medium still. For this reason it is often better not to give the name of a spirit communicating, as they may be so altered, when the spiritual influences they enjoyed on earth are removed, as to be unrecognisable. Then in the other life men must retrograde. In the other life, as you phrase it, but as I should say, the next phase of your being (this is but your infancy), spirits do not retrogress; they are not the same when the influence they had upon earth is removed; but if they have done their earthly work well, God uses them again for further work. Man is but God's channel, made for His purposes. It is difficult to make you understand how entirely man is made as a vessel of God, acted upon through spirit agency, to do God's work; all the

names you have honoured upon earth, and those you call great still with you, would be nothing without these direct spiritual influences. Your poets and musicians are all inspired, but what is your poetry compared to that of Heaven, or your music to that of the spheres? Man's future depends much upon himself and the use he makes of his time and opportunities here; if worthily, God will use him for more advanced work in the spheres." Dr. S. here broke the circle. Imperator left so abruptly that the medium fell off his chair.

Tuesday, 21st. We sat again in light. Dickey soon manifested; creaking on the medium's chair and table. This was raised many times from the ground, both when our hands were on and off the table. It was once raised very high,

what of those who sink into the spheres below?" "Those unhappy spirits who have not used their earth-life as they ought, and who have not risen to the next sphere, sink, and are worse off than when they came to earth." "Are they eventually raised out of their misery?" "The state of some of them is too painful to dwell upon." "Can you define your state of being?" "It is a state full of life, love, and light, incomprehensible to man on earth. With us time and space do not exist." "What idea have you of God in your state?" "We have never seen God, but we feel Him, know Him, and love Him, as you cannot do here. Our praises ascend more readily to Him than yours." "We know He is love, and the source of life, light, and electricity. Has the earth always existed?" "It has, and will exist for ever." "Is there to be a judgment day as taught by the Church?" "What Church do you mean? for different churches at different times have not always taught the same; but if you allude to the teaching of a day set apart, at a very remote period, when all the dead, from all nations, are to be gathered together and judged, this is all wrong. Your judgment takes place all through your life, and placing the judgment to some remote period has done much mischief, mischief! The Kingdom of Heaven is within you; you have it now. There is no need to wait for the day of judgment to give it to you. It is with you during your earth-life, and afterwards, as you pass through the spheres upward and onward, until you reach the realms of glory." Imperator spoke at length very beautifully upon this subject. He then told us to put out the light, and gave the following blessing:—"Almighty God bless and keep you and guide you into truth and peace. May you so live now that hereafter you may pass easily through the intermediary spheres without pain, to the realms of joy." Soon the medium awoke, feeling very comfortable, and knowing little that had transpired during the seance, and nothing during the control.

Thursday, 23rd. We sat in light at first. Manifestations were longer than usual in beginning, and when they did commence were different to our usual experiences. We heard ten strange sounds on the table, loud knocks, sharp ones, little ticking sounds, grindings, and raps of every sort and degree. The table was tilted backwards and forward towards Dr. S., rapping against his chair. It was then floated. After some time a spirit gave the initials of J. N. L. Imperator told us she was on a low plane, and we could help her onward by allowing her to come and talk to us, but that with all such spirits we must be firm.

SOLDIER'S LIFE SAVED BY A DREAM.

and thrown down, all hands being quite away from it. After half an hour's gymnastics the table became quiet. The medium also was very still. He then began to jerk, and appeared disturbed and uncomfortable, and altogether unlike himself. At last he started suddenly and asked, "What was doing?" We told him he had not been controlled, and asked should we put out the light? He said, "No, wait." In a few minutes he was controlled, and a strange, rough voice, unlike Imperator's or the medium's, said, "I am here." "You are not Imperator?" "No; but I am one of the band. Imperator is engaged in the spheres, and as he could not come, he has sent me." "You are troubling the medium." "No; I am a friend. Come here, Dickey, and tell them I am all right." Hereupon Dickey gave sundry familiar sounds as much as to say, "You see I am here, and it must be all right." We then questioned the control. "Have you been with us before?" "Yes, many times. Do you hear that?" This was accompanied by a heavy footstep and shaking of the floor. "Yes, that is the same sound we once heard in the drawing-room when the musical clock was playing." "Well, that was me, and that is the sound I make to make known my presence. Each spirit has its own peculiar sound. I am very fond of music." "Does it do you good to come to the circle?" "Yes; but I cannot myself do you much good. I must not speak longer." The medium jumped, and in a moment the voice completely changed, and Imperator said, "Good evening, friends." We remarked that a strange spirit had been controlling the medium. "Yes, my lieutenant; he is a very good spirit, and has been greatly benefited by his association with the medium. I wished to try a little experiment which has been successful; in time I hope our friend will be able to talk easily with you." Dr. S. then asked whether the spiritual world was elevated above the earth? "Above and beneath. The good pass to the spheres above—those who already have the Kingdom of God within them." "And

Others besides Joseph have been "warned of God in a dream"; and sometimes to be forewarned has been to be forearmed against impending danger. In his "Reminiscences of the American War of 1860-64," in the "Christian Advocate," Rev. L. W. Lewis relates how a dream was a means of saving a soldier's life:—A man, by name Joe Williams, had told a dream to his fellow soldiers, some of whom related it to me months previous to the occurrence which I now relate. He dreamed that he crossed a river, marched over a mountain, and camped near a church located in a wood, near which a terrible battle ensued, and in a charge just as we crossed a ravine he was shot in the heart. On the ever memorable 7th of December, 1861—Battle of Prairie Grove, Northern Arkansas—as we moved at double quick to take our place in line of battle, then already hotly engaged, we passed the church, a small frame building. I was riding in the flank of the command opposite to Williams, as we came in view of the house. "That is the church I saw in my dream," said he. I made no reply, and never thought of the matter again until the evening. We had broken the enemy's lines and were in full pursuit, when we came to a dry ravine in the wood; and Williams said, "Just on the other side of this ravine I was shot in my dream; and I'll stick my hat under my shirt." Suiting the action to the word he doubled up his hat as he ran along and crammed it into his bosom. Scarcely had he adjusted it when a minie ball knocked him out of line; jumping up quickly he pulled out his hat; waved it over his head, shouting, "I'm all right!" The ball raised a black spot about the size of a man's hand, just over the heart and dropped into his shoe. Here the prophecy was a long time ahead, and foretold the exact coming of a ball depending on a combination of circumstances which it would seem impossible for reason or intuition to foresee and foreknow.

A PAINTING SEANCE.

By "EDINA."

I dare say some of your readers are familiar with the name of Mr. David Duguid, of Glasgow, who is well known in the west of Scotland as a trance painting medium. My own acquaintance with Mr. David Duguid only dates from August last, but prior to that time two members of our family had sat with him twice in Glasgow for spirit photographs with good results. Mr. Duguid has been a Spiritualist for thirty-three years, and although my acquaintance with him has been of short duration, yet he appears to me to be a man of such transparent honesty and of so guileless a character that I can have no doubt of his perfect *bona fides* during the production of any phenomena through his mediumistic powers. His book, which is entitled "Hafed, Prince of Persia," has been before the public for some years, and though opinions may vary as to the authenticity of the narrative there given, the identity of the spirit control or intelligence which has inspired or composed the volume, and also as to whether it is, or is not, an Eastern romance, no one who comes into contact with Mr. David Duguid can have the slightest doubt that he, personally, could never have written or composed it. "Hafed," I may here add in passing, and also the subsequent volume entitled "Hermes," were dictated or spoken by the controlling spirit through Mr. Duguid in trance, taken down by an amanuensis in shorthand, and afterwards transcribed and published.

As a painting medium Mr. Duguid has been before the public for many years, and has never shrunk from reasonable inquiry and the imposition of rigid tests, such as allowing himself to be searched and his eyes to be blindfolded before the seance begins. His painting controls respectively represent themselves to be "Jan Steen" and "Ruysdael," two Dutch painters of a bygone era—Steen having "passed over" in 1689 and Ruysdael in 1681.

The medium has a free sitting at his house in Glasgow, open to the public on the evenings of the first Wednesday in each month. He also paints under control, I believe, once a week to a select circle of Glasgow Spiritualists.

The Edinburgh circle were anxious to have a painting seance with Mr. Duguid, and on our application to him he kindly consented to come here in the end of January last to endeavour to comply with our desires. The only stipulation made by the medium was that he should bring one of his Glasgow circle with him to conduct the seance: (1) Because his friends are familiar with the conditions under which the paintings are done, while we were quite new to the subject; and (2) because his controls had not hitherto painted through him unless a member of the usual circle was present.

The seance took place on January 31st last in a large room in the west end of the city, where a number of inquirers into this class of phenomena had been holding seances for some weeks past, under the direction of Mr. Alexander Duguid, a brother of the Glasgow medium, and who I may mention was also present on this occasion. About forty persons were assembled, and the chairman of the meeting sat at the right hand of the medium, who was placed at the end of a large table in the centre of the apartment, round which the bulk of the company were grouped. Mr. A., a Glasgow gentleman, and one of Mr. Duguid's usual circle of sitters, who had kindly come here to lend us his assistance in conducting the seance, sat on the left side of the medium, and as I was particularly anxious to know if on this occasion my daughter could see Mr. Duguid's controls at work, I got permission to have her seated as close to the medium as possible; and accordingly she was accommodated with a chair near the medium at the end of the table, and sat within three feet from him and close to Mr. A., who conducted the seance. I may here note that our family medium was not told anything about the seance beyond this, that Mr. Duguid might do some trance painting.

After engaging in devotional exercises and singing one or two hymns, Mr. A. announced that the medium was now entranced. This was corroborated by the chairman, who sat next Mr. Duguid, and who stated that the eyes of the medium were quite closed, and that he was apparently unconscious of what was passing around. The medium in his trance condition then proceeded to open out his painting materials, mixed his colours in quite a professional manner, and proceeded to paint a sea scene with great rapidity. So

far as I can judge the canvas was about eight inches long by five deep, but as the painting is now in the possession of the chairman it can be verified and examined at any time. In about sixteen minutes from the time when the medium became entranced a very pretty sea scene on the West coast of Scotland was painted in oils, and on completion was handed round for inspection. I am not sufficiently conversant with the art of painting to be able to say how long an earthly artist would take to perform such a task, but I hardly think it could be done in so brief a space of time with success. Here it was done and well done by the medium in trance, and with his eyes closed throughout, in full view of the audience, and in a room well lit with gas. In response to a question from one of the audience the medium (still in trance) informed us that the controlling spirit was "Ruysdael."

The next part of the sitting was devoted to the production of direct spirit paintings on small cards which were lying on the table in front of the medium, and who now took two of these cards, tore off a corner from each to mark or identify them, at the same time dropping the small portions torn off into the palms of the hands of the chairman and one of the audience, who sat near him, to be retained till the direct painting was finished. This kind of phenomenon we were informed is always produced in total darkness; but during the very brief space devoted to it the chairman informed us that the medium was quite motionless, sitting back in his chair with his arms folded across his breast, and in a deep trance. Three minutes after the gas was extinguished the large table in the centre of the room gave four sharp "thuds" or "jumps," denoting, as Mr. A. of the Glasgow circle informed us, that the gas should be relighted. This having been done, three cards were found lying in front of the medium. No marks of painting were visible on the upper surface of the cards; but on turning them up two small but exquisitely minute and finished sketches in oil were found on the two marked cards, while on the third, which had not been marked, and which was lying on the left side of the table near where Mr. A. was sitting, there was a beautiful finished sketch of a landscape done in pencil. The two sketches in oil were quite wet, as having newly come out of the hands of the painter, and one of them, which is in my possession, is a complete reproduction of the oil painting first executed as above described. The sketches were then handed round, and the torn-off pieces were compared and found to correspond with the parts of the cards from which they had been torn, so that the identity of two of the cards originally before the medium was clearly established.

The medium then sat for a time and answered a number of questions in trance. These questions chiefly related to the condition and occupations of those on the "other side," and were in my judgment concisely and satisfactorily replied to by an "intelligence" of a much higher kind than that possessed by the medium. This closed the seance, which was throughout deeply interesting, and we are in course of arrangement for a second, with a more select and sympathetic circle, when probably even better results may be obtained.

On coming home from the seance our family medium informed us that while the first picture on canvas was being painted in the light by Mr. Duguid, in a state of trance, there stood by his right side the spirit form of a man dressed in very old-fashioned and peculiar clothing, who held the medium's right arm at the elbow with the left hand, while the other hand of this personage was "fastened" to, or resting closely on, the right hand of the medium, guiding it in painting the picture; in short, that the painting was the work of a spiritual personality, who was using the right arm and hand of the medium as the earthly instrument in producing the picture before referred to.

As regards the direct paintings on the small photographic cards, our family medium stated that she saw the same spirit personality who painted the first-mentioned picture come forward from Mr. Duguid's right side in the darkness and stand in front of him while he lay back motionless and entranced as before described. This spirit-form then took up two of the cards and rapidly painted two sketches on them *with one brush!* As regards the pencil sketch, she stated that it was executed by a smaller spiritual "personage," who now stood close to her in the darkness on Mr. Duguid's left side, and who she stated was enveloped

in a plaid or cloak of dark material. She stated that she asked this latter personage if he was going to paint the pencil sketch in oils, to which he replied, "No; there is no time." This last-mentioned personage then asked his confederate, who was still standing painting in front of the medium, "Are you done?" and on receiving a reply in the affirmative, she next saw the two "spiritual artists" put the cards, with the sketches undermost, on the table, and the one next to her turned round and said to our daughter, "Keep back a little, missy; I am going to lift the table," and thereupon exerting a good deal of effort he lifted the table and made it give the four sharp thuds or jumps before described, being, as I have said, the signal for the gas to be relighted. Shortly afterwards both these spiritual personages disappeared from sight.

So far as I am aware this is the first occasion on which a clairvoyant has been present at any of these painting seances, and, on the assumption that our daughter is telling the truth, I think the statement now given as to this particular seance enables us to form an idea of how Mr. Duguid's controls act in the production of the phenomena associated with his mediumship, and also throws some light on the problems connected with the production of automatic writing.

On February 27th, 1892, I received a letter from Mr. Duguid, who forwarded to me, as a memento of the seance, a portrait of his control, "Jan Steen," which he stated had been painted a few days previously. No name was on the portrait, only the initials, J. S. on the one side and D. D. on the other, and as soon as it came it was shown to our daughter without remark, and she at once identified the face as that of the "artist" who made the direct sketch in pencil and afterwards moved the table as previously detailed. His attire was different from that which appears in the portrait, but as to his face she had not the slightest doubt. This portrait is still in my possession, and can be forwarded to the office of "LIGHT," if desired, for inspection by anyone interested in the subject.

I have only to add that should any of your readers find themselves in Glasgow at the time when Mr. Duguid holds his monthly free sitting, being the first Wednesday of each month, they can have an opportunity of seeing the phenomena just described, as all honest inquirers into spiritual truth are always made welcome by this honest and unassuming medium.

EDISON DEFINES AMPERE AND VOLT.

The following question was put to Thomas A. Edison by John S. Wise, in a recent law suit, in which Mr. Edison gives a pretty clear definition of the words "ampere" and "volt," which are much used about this time:—

Q. "Explain what is meant by the number of volts in an electric current?"

A. "I will have to use the analogy of a waterfall to explain. Say we have a current of water and a turbine wheel. If I have a turbine wheel and allow a thousand gallons per second to fall from a height of one foot on the turbine, I get a certain power, we will say one horse power. Now, the one foot of fall will represent one volt of pressure in electricity, and the thousand gallons will represent the ampere, or the amount of the current: we will call that one ampere. Thus we have a thousand gallons of water, or one ampere, falling one foot or volt, or under one one volt of pressure, and the water working the turbine gives one horse power. If, now, we go a thousand feet high, and take one gallon of water and let it fall on the turbine wheel, we get the same power as we had before, namely, one horse power. We have got a thousand times less current or less water, and we will have a thousandth of an ampere in place of one ampere, and we will have a thousand volts in place of one volt, and we will have a fall of water a thousand feet as against one foot. Now, the fall of the water, or the height from which it falls, is the pressure or volts in electricity, and the amount of water is the amperes. It will be seen that a thousand gallons a minute falling on a man from a height of only one foot would be no danger to the man, and that if we took one gallon, and took it up a thousand feet and let it fall down, it would crush him. So it is not the quantity or current of the water that does the damage, but it is the velocity or the pressure that produces the effect."

WHENEVER we vary from the highest rule of right, just so far do we an injury to the whole world.—HAWTHORNE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

[The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents, and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with, for the purpose of presenting views that may elicit discussion.]

Body, Soul and Spirit.

SIR.—The following illustration explains clearly the strange theory advanced in the article on the above subject published in "LIGHT," March 5th, p. 117:—

Recognising this theory, it follows when we see a man with only one leg or arm, as the case may be, we shall be quite justified in supposing that the spirit's leg or arm is there in its proper position, unsevered from the rest of the spirit. We who are still in the natural body cannot perceive this, as the eyes of our spirits are covered with the eyes of our natural bodies, but as soon as the eyes of our spirits are freed—that is, uncovered—from their natural bodies, they see spiritual life as it is seen in the spiritual state.

Again—in the example given of Elisha—this shows a two things: First: We are accompanied in our walk through this life by unseen—to us—spiritual bodies; second, it gives us a good illustration of the difference between the two sights—of the natural and spiritual bodies.

In the previous article the word, "urging," in the seventeenth line from bottom of first column, should read "during." Runcom. J. G. TATLER.

Salamanders, or Spirit Lights?

SIR.—Paracelsus tells us in his treatise on Elementals the Salamanders may be sometimes seen running over the hills as balls of fire. The following experience once occurred to me when staying at a villa on the Lago Maggiore. On a lovely summer's evening I strolled off alone to the end of the garden, and climbed up into a nook, furnished with a seat, from which I could get a good view of the country all around. The light was so clear that I could see distant objects quite distinctly.

Overhanging a ravine just above our villa was a pink house, with a garden in front, which was separated by a high wall from a small vineyard below. Looking meditatively in this direction I remarked a number of odd-looking lights about the size of one's hand, which darted in and out amongst the vine roots in a kind of mazy dance. I watched this curious, weird little cotillon for some short time. Then each light seemed to extinguish itself, one after the other, and all vanished. I did not mention this strange experience to anyone, but a few days afterwards I was sitting in the same spot with one of the daughters of the house. She suddenly remarked, "Do you see that pink house up there? It used to be called 'Castello delle Streghe' ('Witches Castle'); and the peasants say they have often seen lights about there." "Indeed!" I replied, and told her then what I had seen myself.

I was telling this story to a lady the other day. She told me in return that her aunt, a pious Catholic, was one in her own *appartement*, and praying very earnestly for the repose of the souls of certain deceased friends. When her prayers were over she observed around her stove several small lights corresponding exactly in number to those souls for whom she had been interceding.

I am now at a loss to explain my experience. Were the dancing lights which I saw a party of merry elves out for an evening frolic? or were they the spirit lights of the old dead witches of bygone days? M. E. G.

"Ex Oriente Lux."

SIR.—While reading the review of "God's Breath in Man and in Humane Society," by Thomas Lake Harris, which appeared in "LIGHT" recently, I remembered a striking parallel to Mr. Harris' views which I found in "Chamber's Encyclopædia," in the article entitled "Yoga." Quoting from a treatise on the Yoga philosophy, the compiler of this article says: "The fourth stage (of practical Yoga) regulation of the breath (*prāṇāyāma*) is threefold, according as it concerns exhalation or inhalation, or becomes tantamount to suspension of the breath . . . the fifth stage of Yoga . . . a Yogin's senses are suspended when he can suspend the respiratory movements for ten minutes and forty-eight seconds. This stage is preparatory to the sixth, or the steadying of the mind (*dhāraṇa*) . . . This stage, it is supposed, can be accomplished when the Yogin is able to suspend his respiratory movements."

twenty-one minutes and thirty-six seconds. Con-
templation (*dhyana*), the seventh stage of Yoga, is the fixing
of the mind on the one object of knowledge, the Supreme
Spirit, so as to exclude all other thoughts. A man
can accomplish it when he is able to suspend his respiratory
movements for forty-three minutes and twelve seconds. The
eighth and last stage of Yoga, profound meditation (*samadhi*),
is the perfect absorption of thought into the one object of
contemplation, the Supreme Spirit. Such a state may
be attained by a man who can suspend his respiratory move-
ments for one hour, twenty-six minutes, and twenty-four
seconds. Now, although it is possible that this may be an
account of certain physical exercises, it seems far more likely
that it is a description of spiritual experiences, and that it
contains an inner meaning. But at all events there is com-
plete agreement between the seventh and eighth stages of
Yoga above mentioned, and the "third and complex respira-
tion" spoken of by Mr. Harris. The exhalation and
inhalation of air by the lungs is typical of the two principles
of nature, while the third respiration is the Eternal Present
symbolised by the words "I Am." Nevertheless, it would be
interesting to hear the opinion of Mr. Harris' disciples on
this point.

LEO.

The "Livingstone" Messages.

SIR.—I am glad to find that the verses in the message of
January 29th have been identified. I thought they had an
"earthly flavour" about them, though none of us had seen
them before. I cannot concur, however, in the view taken
by one of your correspondents, in last week's issue, that the
reproduction of a mangled version of Pringle's poetry tends
to prove personation, in view of the whole circumstances of
this case. The communicator never claimed the verses as
his own; he merely writes, "This is a bit of my song when
I was in the desert plain"; which, in my judgment, means
that it was a song he sang, or a piece of poetry he
used to recite, when wandering through the trackless wastes of
Africa. It has also to be kept in view that there has been
identification of a likeness of Dr. Livingstone by the medium
under test conditions, and that she saw his statue on our
return to town after his first appearance, and identified it as
like the person she had seen.

I would further note the strange coincidence that when
unknown to the medium) I was "groping for light" in the
case, it was suddenly and unexpectedly furnished in the
manner stated in my last article. Two details of that message
are still unverified, viz., the name of the ship in which Dr.
Livingstone sailed for Africa in 1841, and the place where
the *Forerunner* was wrecked. The message gives the ship as
"the *George*," and the wreck as having taken place off the
island of Madeira. Can any of your readers throw any light
on these matters? If so, I shall be glad to have the facts
cleared up.

As to "Orabu," I have already said it must be an abbrevi-
ation of Orabusu, the name of an African monkey (see
"Imperial Dictionary"). I am glad to find the word "Kerro"
comes so near to the name of the tract of country called
"Karo," referred to by your correspondent.

The case is very puzzling; but personation can hardly be
presumed by the reproduction of Pringle's poetry in any
form. As I have said, had the communicator claimed the
authorship of the verses, that would have gone a long way to
prove he was an impostor; but no such claim being made the
question of identity is still an open one.

I am no stranger to personation or imposture, as in the
many hundreds of messages we have got there has had to be
a good deal of winnowing of the wheat from the chaff. All
the same, we have a very "solid residuum," the larger portion
of which can never see the light.

March 19th, 1892.

EDINA.

A Spirit-Photograph of Abraham Lincoln.

SIR.—The recently published volume entitled "Was
Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?" may renew to some extent
the interest which was excited a number of years ago with
respect to the spirit photograph of Mr. Lincoln, taken by
Mr. Mumler. The following account of Mrs. Lincoln's visit
to the celebrated spirit-photographer was given by the latter
in his "Personal Experiences," published in Boston in 1875:—

I had just finished taking a picture when a lady dressed
in black, wearing a crape veil, was ushered in. The veil
was so thick it was impossible to distinguish a single feature

of her face. Turning to me she said: "What do you
charge for these pictures?" I stated the price, and she
decided to sit for one. I went into my dark room and
coated a plate. When I came out I found her seated, with
her veil still over her face. I asked if she intended to
have her picture taken with the veil. She replied, "When
you are ready I will remove it." I said I was ready, where-
upon she removed the veil and the picture was taken. I
then requested her name for the purpose of recording it in the
engagement book. "Mrs. Linball" was given. Mrs. Lincoln
asked when she could have the pictures; and was told in
about three days. The negative, marked "Mrs. Lindall," was
sent with others to my printers. The pictures were returned
only a few moments before Mrs. Lincoln called, and were
laid on my desk in envelopes, with the names on the outsides
of the envelopes that were on the negatives, Mrs. Lindall's
among the rest. I was away at the time, and consequently
had not seen the pictures, and did not recognise the form
on her negative, as I had not the slightest idea that I had
such a distinguished sitter.

My wife was engaged in conversation with a friend, when
a lady was shown in. She asked if her pictures were ready.
My wife asked, "What name?" The lady replied, "Mrs.
Lindall." Mrs. Mumler then went to my desk, found the
package marked "Mrs. Lindall," and handed it to her, then
continued the conversation with her friend, who, being of an
inquisitive turn of mind, asked Mrs. Lincoln (who was at
this time examining her picture closely) if she recognised
the likeness. Mrs. Lincoln replied hesitatingly, "Yes." My
wife was almost instantly entranced, and, turning to Mrs.
Lincoln said: "Mother, if you cannot recognise father, show
the picture to Robert; he will recognise it." "Yes, yes, dear;
I do recognise it," Mrs. Lincoln said, and added, "but who is
now speaking?" The control replied, "Thaddeus." A long
conversation ensued. Mr. Lincoln afterwards controlled
Mrs. Mumler and talked with Mrs. Lincoln.

Mrs. Lincoln then related how she left Springfield,
Illinois, for the sole purpose of visiting my studio, and
having a picture taken as a test. For that purpose she
travelled *incog*. When she arrived in Boston she came
directly to my house, before visiting an hotel, lest some
who knew her might recognise her, and thus defeat the
object for which she had taken such a long journey.

The picture of Mr. Lincoln is an excellent one. He is
seen standing behind her, with his hands resting on her
shoulders, and looking down with a pleasant smile.

G.

MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

Mental telegraphy, since the issue of one of the magazines
containing a paper on the subject, says the New York
"Times," has been more or less talked about. Nearly every-
one finds in his experience an added illustration of the
author's theory that at times and on simple commonplace
matters mind communicates with mind, without words and
regardless of geographical distances. A particularly striking
instance is related by a Normal School teacher. One day
last week she asked her class, composed of thirty grown
girls, a question. Having done so she began at one end and
requested an answer in turn. One after another replied in
what seemed an irrelevant manner. "Why," she said, "you
are not on my line of thought at all." As she continued the
rotation she felt that the corner girl, the thirtieth, would
reply correctly: she was a bright pupil and one who seemed
particularly responsive to her teaching. Sure enough No.
30 replied intelligently and thoroughly. But instantly there
was a protest from the other twenty-nine. "That was not
your question, Miss C.," one asserted and others confirmed,
and with but one dissenting voice the class gave the question
as they had heard it. Their answers fitted this question,
and Miss C., in the face of this testimony, was forced to
believe that her lips had formed one question while her mind
was intent upon another. And No. 30 had caught the thought
behind the words and she had fitted the question to it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IT having been repeatedly requested that all communications
intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor of
"LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to any
other address, it is now respectfully intimated that letters
otherwise addressed will not be forwarded. Foreign corre-
spondents are specially desired to note this request. It does
not, of course, apply to proof sent from the printer and marked
to be returned to 13, Whitefriars-street, E.C. So much
expense and delay is caused by neglect to read the standing
notices to correspondents that it is hoped attention may be
paid to the plain directions therein laid down.

C. G.—Yes. I should value any help just now, being ill. No
notice of D. M.'s novel has appeared.

SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions. No notice received later than the first post on Tuesday is sure of admission.]

16, QUEEN'S PARADE, LAVENDER HILL, S.W.—Meetings held here every Sunday at 7 p.m., and friends are earnestly invited to come and give us a little help.—G. D. W.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL.—On Sunday last we had a pleasant and profitable time with Mr. Humphries. Sunday next, Mrs. Stanley. Thursday, social.—F. V.

218, JUBILEE-STREET.—Miss Marsh intends giving a course of seances at the above address every Sunday evening at 7 p.m. until further notice. First seance on April 3rd.—W. M.

STRAFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM-LANE, E.—Service every Sunday at 7 p.m. Speaker for Sunday next Dr. Reynolds. An instructive address was delivered by Mr. James Veitch last Sunday on "The Power of Spiritualism," followed by clairvoyance.—J. A.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—On Sunday last Mr. Brake and Mr. Wyatt spoke upon "The Beautiful Life of Jesus" as an excellent example to follow. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., an open meeting. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., seance, Mrs. Mason. Mr. Horatio Hunt, inspirational medium of Halifax, on April 10th and 12th, and May 1st and 3rd. Tickets may be obtained of Mr. Mason, 14, Orchard-road, Shepherd's Bush, W.—J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E.—On Sunday evening next addresses will be given by ladies at 7 o'clock. Public meeting on Thursday at 8.30 p.m. On Thursday last Mr. Ward conducted a small but profitable meeting, and on Sunday we had a pleasant evening with our Lyceum conductor (Mr. Coleman) and children, who rendered a service of song entitled "The Ministering Spirits," which was much appreciated and did credit to all who took part in it. We hope to hear Mr. Coleman and his pupils again shortly.—W. G. COOTE, Assistant Sec.

SPIRITUAL HALL, 86, HIGH-STREET, MARYLEBONE—"Remarkable Spiritualistic Phenomena" was the subject of Mr. T. Everitt's discourse on Sunday evening last. He riveted the attention of a full audience with an array of startling facts which had come under his own observation, principally through the mediumship of his gifted wife. Dr. Britten presided, wishing our little society God-speed, and also speaking briefly of spiritual work in the North. Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. Pursey, "The Forces of Nature"; at 7 p.m., Dr. F. R. Young, "Personal Experiences in Spiritualism," and quarterly meeting; Tuesday, at 7.45 p.m., Mr. T. B. Dale, lecture, &c.; Thursday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Spring, seance; Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Hawkins, seance.—C. I. H.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' CORRESPONDING SOCIETY will assist inquirers. Copies of "LIGHT," leaflets on Spiritualism, and list of members sent on receipt of stamped envelope. Address, J. Allen, hon. sec., 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex; or W. C. Robson, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor Park branch will hold the following meetings at 14, Berkley-terrace—on Sunday, at 11.30 a.m., for students and inquirers; on Friday, at 8.15 p.m., for Spiritualists only, the study of mediumship; also, at 1, Winifred-road, White Post-lane, on Tuesday, at 8.15 p.m., experimental seance. The committee beg to report progress made during the last six months, 32 lectures having been delivered, and the following subjects dealt with:—Healing, trance, automatic writing, spirit photography, psychometry, clairvoyance, and experiments with the crystal and water-glass, which have been the means of helping inquirers and students.—J. A.

CARDIFF.—At the Psychological Hall, on Sunday, March 13th, Mr. J. J. Morse delivered addresses of the usual high standard of excellence: in the morning, upon "The Philosophy of Death," and in the evening "A Search for the Soul," both subjects being keenly analysed and listened to with deep interest. On Monday evening a number of questions from the audience were replied to in a felicitous manner. On Tuesday evening Mr. Morse delivered an able lecture, at the Lesser Park Hall, upon "Theosophical Fallacies in the Light of Spiritualistic Facts—an answer to Mrs. Besant." He keenly criticised the various teachings and claims of Theosophy, and showed that it had brought nothing new to the religious thought of the age, it had simply "annexed" the metaphysical speculations of ancient Hindoo and other philosophies, which gave to it a glamour of superior culture and authority, but which there was nothing in the nature of demonstrable evidence to support.—E. A.

SHEFFIELD PSYCHOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—The "Sheffield Independent" notices the annual conversazione of the Sheffield Psychological Institute, which was held on Monday evening (the 14th inst.), in the Cutlers' Hall. From 600 to

700 persons attended, and took part in an exceedingly varied round of enjoyments which combined with, illustrations of the peculiar phenomena which the society is formed to study, such common-place attractions as vocal and instrumental music, ventriloquism, and a dance programme. The programme included mesmerism by the president (Mr. W. Kenyon), psychometry by Miss Jones, an address by Mr. Fillingham, ventriloquism by "Professor De Gaunt," clairvoyance by Mr. W. E. Inman. In the vestibule were exhibited many objects of interest, which included vegetable, Theosophical, and phrenological publications; spirit photographs; and drawings and paintings executed under spirit influences; and a medley of other articles, as it is sometimes put, "too numerous to mention." Out of them all, and each other's company, the large gathering appeared to find a good deal of enjoyment.

IF.

If I could command the strain

To wed to my thoughts as they sing

An idyl of heart and brain

To the beautiful new-born Spring,

I think I could catch the ear

Of an angel hovering near!

Perhaps he would fold his wing;

And anew from the starry sphere,

The missing harmonies bring

That would render my meaning clear

And thus would a full fraught love

Arise to the skies above!

KATE BURTON.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S "PARABLE."

Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see
How the men, My brethren, believe in Me."
He passed not again through the gate of birth,
But made Himself known to the children of earth.

Then said the Chief Priests, and Rulers, and Kings,
"Behold, now, the Giver of all good things!
Go to; let us welcome with pomp and state
Him Who alone is mighty and great!"

With carpets of gold the ground they spread
Wherever the Son of Man should tread,
And in palace chambers lofty and rare
They lodged Him, and served Him with kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim
Their jubilant floods in praise of Him;
And in Church, and Palace, and Judgment Hall
He saw His image high over all!

But still, wherever His steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down His head;
And from under the heavy foundation-stones
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans!

And in Church, and Palace, and Judgment Hall
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,
And opened wider and yet more wide
As the Living Foundation heaved and sighed!

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure
That shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"

"With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced My sheep from their Father's fold;
I have heard the dropping of their tears
In Heaven these eighteen hundred years!"

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt;
We build but as our fathers built;
Behold Thine images—how they stand
Sovereign and sole through all the land!"

"Our task is hard—with sword and flame
To hold Thy earth for ever the same,
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep
Still, as Thou leftest them, Thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, and haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set He in the midst of them,
And, as they drew back their garment-hem,
For fear of defilement, "Lo! here," said He,
"The images ye have made of Me!"

WHENEVER He that lent me myself and what I have shall call for all back again, it is not a loss, but a restitution: and I must willingly deliver up what was undeservedly bestowed upon me. It will become me to return my mind better than I received it.—SENECA.